Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vſd to come ſo ſmug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vſurer, let him looke to his bond, hee was wont to lende money for a Chriſtian curſie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am ſure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his fleſh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fiſh with all, if it will feede nothing elſe, it will feede my reuenge; hee hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reaſon, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, ſences, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame foode, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Sommer as a Chriſtian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs doe wee not laugh, if you poyſon vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs ſhall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humillity, reuenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iewe, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall goe hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maiſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Saleri. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnleſſe the deuill himſelfe turne Iewe. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Tuball.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa, haſt thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Franckford, the curſe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till nowe, two thouſand ducats in that, & other precious precious iewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why ſo? and I know not whats ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe vpon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to finde the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke to, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter ſpent in Genowa, as I heard, one night foureſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtickſt a dagger in me, I ſhall neuer ſee my gold againe, foure ſcore ducats at a ſitting, foure ſcore ducats.

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that ſweare, he cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them ſhewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou tortureſt mee *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildernes of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball* fee me an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good